

James Taylor, Enough To Be On Your Way

So the sun shines on his funeral just the same as on a birth,
the way it shines on everything that happens here on Earth.
It rolls across the western sky and back into the sea
and spends the day's last rays upon this fucked-up family, so long old pal.

The last time I saw Alice, she was leaving Santa Fe
with a bunch of round-eyed Buddhists in a killer Chevrolet.
Said they turned her out of Texas, yeah, she burned them down back home,
now she's wild with expectation on the edge of the unknown.

Singing oh, it's enough to be on your way,
it's enough just to cover ground, it's enough to be moving on.
Home, build it behind your eyes, carry it in your heart, safe among your own.

They brought her back on a Friday night, same day I was born.
We sent her up the smokestack, yes, and back into the storm.
She blew up over the San Juan Mountains, she spent herself at last.
The threat of heavy weather, that was what she knew best.

Oh, it's enough to be on your way,
it's enough to cover ground, it's enough to be moving on.
Home, build it behind your eyes, carry it in your heart, safe among your own.

It woke me up on a Sunday, an hour before the sun.
It had me watching the headlights out on highway 591.
Till I stepped into my trousers, till I pulled my big boots on,
I walked out on the Mesa and I stumbled on this song

Oh, it's enough to be on your way,
it's enough just to cover ground, it's enough to be moving on.
Home, build it behind your eyes, carry it in your heart, safe among your own.
So long, old gal.